GREAT BRITAIN.

TRISH, SCOTCH, AND ENGLISH INCIDENTS.

DEFINITION THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. |
LONDON, February 8.

This afternoon brings a telegram announcing—to use a phrase popular with the Irish—the incarceration of Messis. Healy, Davitt, and Quinn. Mr. Healy was presiding yesterday over a meeting of the Irish National League, and what he then said has an interest of its own. I commented the other day on the very singular language of Mr. Chamberlain at Swansea, and of The Daily News in London. It appears to have struck Mr. Healy, if I may presume to say so, very much as it did me. "We have and," said he, " a remarkable expression of opinion, apparently Ministerially inspired, in The Daily News, the Liberal organ of the Government, and also a statement by Mr. Chamberlain at Swansea, inviting the Irish members (although the next session is not to be an Irish session) to avail themselves of any time at their disposal to bring forward proposals in the various matters in which the Irish members might think reform was needed." Precisely. Mr. Chamberlain protesting in one breath that the coming session is not to be abandoned to the Irish, and in the next breath inviting Irish members to say what they wanted, was soon to be followed by Mr. Healy or some other patriot ignoring Mr. Chambertain No. 1 and cordially recognizing Mr. Chamberlain No. 2. And Mr. Heaty, who does not let much grass grow under his feet, devoted the last day of his liberty to sketching a measure of county government for Ireland. His county scheme may be conveniently defined in the words of an Irish journal as a scheme to get hold of the taxes of the country and of the patronage connected with every public department. Places are everywhere to be found for the hungry followers of the League. What he probably cares more for is the transfer of the poorlaw administration, the magistracy, and above all, the police, to the control of the League and of those who sympathize either with the League or with the more energetic form of Irish opinion which finds ex-

pression in assassination. Mr. Healy was good en augh to mention, also, that other Irish bills were in preparation, relating to the municipal franchise, to the registration of voters, and (of course) the amendment of the Land Act of 1881. Surely Mr. Chamberlain ought to be gratified with this prompt and ample recognition of his influence. Whether Mr. Chambertain's colleagues are equally gratified is a question on which more may be beard by-and-by.

Mr. Healy, not thinking the full honors of martyrdom are to be attained by six months' imprisonment, is going to resign his sent. He will resign it-that is, if he can get an office under the Crown; the only method by which the seat of a member of Parliament can be vacated. But it does not follow that because Mr. Healy applies for the Chiltern Hundreds he will get it : Mr. Gladstone may think it hardly consistent with decorum to confer, even for technical purposes, an appointment in the gift of the Sovereign upon a man of Mr. Healy's stamp. He is just going to prison. Why? For asserting, so say the Irish, freedom of speech. Mr. Healy's idea of free speech may be gathered from the following elegant sentences, on which his prosecution was based:

"The Government of this country, being an organ ization against the will of the people, is simply an organization of so many pirates and so many brig-ands. It is entitled to the same moral respect as a

No stress need be laid on the coarseness of such language. Mr. Healy must speak after his kind. But the language is used to a popular audience in a country where respect for law is nardly known, and where every kind of violence and outrage is thought right if used against the Government. Mr. Healy almost avowedly uses it in order to enlarge and conrm his hold on the people. He is setting himself up as a rival to Mr. Parnell. Both of them are plotting the overthrow of the Government, and it this sort of talk were permitted it would be said in every Irish cabin that the Government dared not silence it. That is why the assertion of authority is wise in this case; as it generally is wise in a country like Ireland; and why the punishment of Mr. Healy is not only wise but necessary. I do not see that it would be equally necessary and wise to facilitate his resignation in order that he might have a fresh triumph in a tresh election on his restoration to fresh opportunities for mischief.

The Conservative victory in Haddingtonshire is loudly celebrated by the Conservative press, but may be sufficiently described by saving that the Dutch have taken Holland. A Conservative replaces a Conservative. One Lord Etcho succeeds another. Surely our Conservative friends must be sions so much blowing of trumpets. Nor was there much hope of a Liberal gam. I met a great many Liberals in Scotland last month, many of them most closely concerned with election matters. I never heard one of them say he thought they should win Haddingtonshire. The first remark made after the postponement of Mr. Gladstone's visit to Midlothian became known was, "There goes the last chance of beating Eicho," Mr. Finlay, who opposed him, was au excellent candidate in all respects but one. He would not bend the knes to the more bigoted voters whose idea of Liberalism is summed up in the word Disestablishment. His refusal lost him a good many votes, but it is not clear that he would have won if he had swallowed the pledge exacted by those who

are known as the M. P. leaders. The territorial possessions and influence in Had dingtonshire of the Elcho family, or Charteris family, or whatever it ought to be called, are great. The Lord Elche whose name you may have heard in America was the son of the Earl of Wemyss, who died only the other day at the age of eighty-six, the son being then sixty-four. For more than forty years Lord Elcho had been a member of the House of Commons; an unwearied speaker in season and out of season, and especially out of season. He had a genius for getting up at the end of a debate, when everyoody was impatient for a division, and delivering in the ears of an angry and explosive audience a series of disconnected observations on any subject except that on which a vote was to be taken. A rancorous politician withal, yet not unpopular among his friends and his father's tenantry, who nad an odd way of condoling with him on being kept out of his title and property. Old Lord Wemyss, who thus persisted in not dying, was, to put it mildly, not a spendthrift, and Lord Eleho will find at least one compensation for his long minority in the large accumulations of cash he is presumed to come in for. When Lord Elcho became Earl of Wemyss (pronounced Weems), his son, theretofore known as the Hor. Alan Charteris, became Lord Elcho, which is a courtesy title, and he it is who is now the elect of Haddingtonshire. A clever young fellow, they say, knows how to speak, has ideas on various questions, and made an unexpectedly good impression on the constituency; conciliating the tenant-farmers, moreover, by radical views on compensation for improvements, and other matters near and dear to the agricultural heart. If he can contrive to combine with the talents his father showed some of the tact he so studionsiy concealed, the new member for Haddingtonshire may prove a welcome accession to the Tories, weak as they are in anything like real speaking power. Lord Elcho, moreover, appears disposed to enroll himself among the growing band of Tory Democrats, who are threatening to displace the Liberal-Conservatives of the last ten years. You will note that two names are found more convenient than one when the wearer has more principles than he quite knows what to do with.

Not much will come of the Lonsdale attack on The World. The paragraph hinting that Lord Lonsdale had quitted his wife is not defensible on its merits or demerits, but the attempt to send Mr. Yates to jail for it is probably miscalculated. Lord Lonsdale himself. I hear, was not disposed to take notice of the libel, if libel it ie. Friends urged him on; some of them with old gracges to satisfy. An application for a criminal information by the Attorney-General is, of course, a very serious matter, but the granting of a rule nisi means nothing more than that the Court is of opinion that a case has been stated requiring to be answered or argued on the other When the time comes, an effort will be made to show that the paragraph (which named nobody) did not point to Lord Lonsdale. The subject of it was described as a young poor who was master of she would have sent it back.

hounds, and whose wife was in delicate health. Sir Henry James produced affidavits to prove that only five other peers under thirty-five were masters of hounds, that two of them were unmarried, and that the wives of the other three were all well. Hence he argued that the paragraph could refer to nobody but Lord Lonsdale. The argument by exhaustion is a good argument if you start with sound premises. But it happens that Lord Lonsdale is not a master

of hounds at ail. Mr. Yates, meantime, has published a brief statement to the effect that while strenuously denying that the libel referred to Lord Lonsdale, he is very sorry that it should have been supposed by anybody to apply to him, or should have annuyed him. And he points out that he had, before the criminal information was moved for, published a paragraph plainly though indirectly contradicting the original story .. In consideration of all which legal connois seurs are disposed to think that Mr. Yates will get off with a fine, or perhaps without. The non-legal mind is struck by the fact that these proceedings have been begun in opposition to the wish of the Public Prosecutor. A statute was passed last session expressly to make criminal proceedings for libel dependent on the approval of the officer who withholds his assent from those now begin. The Attorney-General, of course, is ready with a reason. The statute must have been meant to apply to indictments. This is not an indictment, but an application to the discretion of the Court; and a suggestion that the discretion of the Court could be subject to an act of Parliament will be abhorrent, he hopes, to the judicial mind. And so perhaps it will.

G. W. S. NATURE AND ART AT CANNES.

THE SCENERY, THE DRIVES, THE HOUSES

AND THE PEOPLE. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

Cannes is one of the least gay resorts of the wealthy and aristocratic classes in all France. Unless in the business quarter, where nobody of any social standing fives, the town is made up of de tached houses and hotels. Each villa stands in a garden in which there are oranges, aloes, olives and Australian gum trees, which are now a prominent feature of the Riviera. The hotels have fairly large grounds, which are laid out in a manner to facilitate the entrance and the exit of carriages. All the new quarters are well up the hill. water has been brought from a high level in the Alpine region speculators find that it pays to build some distance up the mountainopes. Cannes was "discovered," as the world knows, by an Englishman-the late Lord Brougham -and England has since set her stamp upon it. In the main street the shops have a Britannic air. The young generation of coachmen, cab-drivers, milliners' girls, and, most of all, the children who play in some dark, narrow back streets, have much in their appearance which betrays an Anglo-Saxon cross. Young ladies go, in dresses made at Peck ham, South Kensington, Notting Hill, Brighton Manchester, Liverpool, and so on, to the English churches-of which there are two-and to the Temple Evangelique. They walk rapidly-as if for a wager-along the Esplanade, and are to be met with in all the country walks and drives.

But Cannes is especially English in its non-conductibility of social warmth. It is very un-French in this respect. There is no general bond of sympathy, no object of common interest,-unless when the Prince of Wales is here, -no humanizing dissipation in which the world and his wife participate. Society is split up into cliques and coteries. Even the French and Russians who come here to winter get into the way of the place. The aristocratic English and French quarter of Cannes is at the west or Napoule end. It is the one in which Lord Brougham built the Villa Eléonore. Contrary to the general law in virtue of cities in their growth follow the course of the sun, this town of detached villas spreads east, toward Golfe Jonan, where the Gladstone family are stay ing with Lord and Lady Wolverton. The West End is lower than the East, and not far from some unhealthy marshes. The Princess de Sagan has a winter abode there, on the Route de Fréjus. She is almost the next door neighbor of the Duchess de Luynes, the Countess de Pourtales and the Duchess de Vallembrosa. Hard by the Dowager Baroness James Rothschild has a palatial abode. Sir Charles Augustus Murray lives at the Villa Victoria over the way. A Neapolitan scion of Royalty, the Prince of Caser'a, is the owner of the Villa Marie Tucrese. The Duc de la Rochefaucauld Bissacia is a denizen of the Brougham quarter. He belongs to the French and English set which inhabits it, and is a friend, like most of his near neighbors, of the Prince of Wales.

Cannes used to be a cheap place. It is now very expensive Nothing is so rainously dear as carriagerides. The tariff does not seem high-2 francs 50 centimes an hour. But as all the streets and roads twist about like coiled-up snakes, and go perpetually up or down high hills, the pace of the horse is necessarily a creeping one. In ascending the vehicle is laboriously dragged up. In descending the brake is put on. The driver chooses the steepest hills. After riding about three or four hours one finds that he has been simply nowhere. There are lovely rides in the environs, and flat roads to boot. But one must know them before he can get the drivers of backney carriages to take them. I enjoyed yesterday a ride along Golfe Jouan, the Cap d'Antibes. on the end of which Mr. Canliffe Brookes has a villa. This gentleman is a Manchester banker. He has a revenue of about £100,000 a year. One of his daughters by his first wife is married to that sad scamp the Marquis of Huntly, and the other to an English nobleman. The present Mrs. C. Brookes is five-and-twenty years the junior of her husband and a pretty, simple mannered lady of Highland breeding. She had no fortune and is not in the least spoiled by he wealth. The boundary of the extensive grounds surrounding her villa are not walled in, but only marked by a low coping of rough stones. Nature does not appear anywhere outraged. The villa is roomy inside and outside, has dark red balconies and widows framed round with Dutch tiles Picturesque effects are obtained by creepers, and a large porch or entrance vestibule of colored glass. The park is wooded with olives, oranges, and all sorts of firs and pines, which give out a stimulating aroma. And the view! It is one of bewildering loveliness. Cap d' Antibes is a headland which encloses Golfe Jouan on the eastern side. One sees from it the whole of that glassy bay, the mountainbordered coast line, with its bold promontories all the way to Toulon, and in looking in an opposite direction the Maritime Alps and the bays of Nice. Villa Franca, Bordighera, and Genoa. In front of them are the Lerin Isles, from one of which Marshal Bazaine "escaped." Mr. Gladstone went to visit it yesterday. He wanted to see the prison of the Man with the Iron Mask, and of the unscrupulous soldier who delivered Metz over to the Germans. Mr. Gladstone was under the impression that fat Bazaine descended by a knotted rope into a bark which the Misses Campbell had engaged for his use. He asked to be shown the spot where the perilous descent was accomplished. The Governor showed it to him. When he was pointing out the dangers incurred the boatman said : "It was not that at all, at all. The Marshal walked out by the door just as Monsieur has done. He quietly got into my boat, which the Maréchale hired for him, and I was one of the men who took him across to a yacht at Cannes."

Those who want to see life run pretty often to Nic -a journey that takes fifty-five minutes-or to Monte Carlo, where Mile. Van Zandt is singing. Albert Edward is to be present at the Nice Carnival. But I doubt whether his Loning. don engagements will admit of his staying for the Battle of Flowers. He is staying at Caunes at the old-fashioned Pavilion Hotel in the English quarter. On Sunday he went to church at St. Paul's-in the expectation of seeing there an American young lady to whom he had previously sent an elegantly bound prayer-book with a dedication written and signed by him. The fair recipient is a Miss Chamberlain. She was charmed with the attention, but declares that, had the gift taken any other form,

CORONATION OF THE CZAR,

A RUSSIAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE GORGEOUS SPECTACLE.

THE SUMMONS TO THE EMPIRE-MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN-BRILLIANT FEATURES OF THE CERE-MONIAL. The long-expected ukase has made its appearance. Alexander III. will be crowned in Moscow on Sun-

day, the 27th of May next, and will thus become by right the Czar of all the Russias. The coronation is without exception the grandest, most solemn and brilliant ceremony in the world, nothing ever seen or heard of elsewhere approaching its splendor, and for this reason a full description of it may be read

The Czar while uncrowned has very little power as a monarch, being, so to say, a minor holding the reins of State more by courtesy than by right. He cannot proclaim war or conclude a treaty of peace, nor can he enter the Imperial throne-room, or confer the grand cordon of any of the decora-tions. All orders issued by him are null and void unless they be countersigned by two of the Ministers of State, the body of which they form part acting in every respect as Regents of the Empire during the Czar's political minority. During this period he has no right to the fifty-six titles belonging only to crowned Czars, but is addressed simply as Alexander son of Alexander and, as a matter of etiquette, Czar of Russia. Under these circumstances it is not singular that the various Czars should have always hastened their coronation in Moscow as much as possible, being naturally unwilling to be under tutelage which in the majority of cases is obnoxious; and hitherto successors to the throne have, with very few exceptions, been erowned within two months of the deaths of their predecessors. In cases where there have been disputes about the throne, or where revolutions were threatened, or where the throne has been usurped, as it was by Catherine, the ceremony has taken place with what may be called indecent baste. History nforms us that Catherine stole away while the body of Peter was yet warm, travelled to Moscow as fast as horses could carry her, and on the very day of her arrival there got crowned; once crowned, she knew that she was safe. The millions of Russian peasants cannot believe the Czar to be "by the grace of God the most powerful Czar" unless h has been anointed at Moscow. Even in death an uncrowned Czar does not receive the honors due to his rank, the body of Peter III. being deposited in the common churchyard of St. Athanasius, instead of being laid among the Czars, in the great mansolenm of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul within the St. Petersburg Citadel; for although Peter was Emperor, he had not been anointed and crowned. The bodies of two other ungrowned Czars have received the same unceremonious burial. In Russia children who have died without being baptized do not receive Christian burial, and to a great extent an uncrowned Czar is in the same category.

"Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi," is the saying throughout the world; but in the present case it has not been so. The reasons of the postponement of the ceremony are not understood strangers, who imagine that it was to Nihilism. Alexander III., like all the Romanoffs, knows not what fear is; indeed, he would not be a Romanoff if he did. Had he been afraid of the assassins he could easily have been announted and crowned secretly long ago, instead of which he means that the ceremony shall be public and on a magnificent scale. The reason for the postponement is due to nothing more nor less than the great respect the uncrowned Czar has for his departed father, to whom he was much attached, and whose loss he, in common with all Russsans, still mourns.

SUMMONS AND PREPARATION.

It has always been the rule to issue the Imperial wkase respecting the coronation several months in advance in order to give guests who have to come from a great distance ample time. The Minister of the Household, by order of the Czar, sends invitations to all friendly Courts, to Presidents of Republies, and to foreign diplomats. Commands, not invitions, are sent to members of the Imperial family, the clergy, nobies, officers, prefects, governors, judges, the chiefs of towns and villages, etc. The great ceremony has always been performed in the Church of the Holy Assumption, within the walls of the Kremlin, at the ancient town of Moscow. An old law orders that every building must receive three coats of white paint for the occasion, but the Muscovites do not require to be forced by law, they are proud to receive their Czar, and for weeks previous to the ceremony their town is in gay holiday attire. Invited monarchs, princes and diplomats are the guests of the palace, but Russian nobles arriving in Moscow go direct to the mansions of other nobles of the same rank, whom they, most probably, have never seen before, and whose guests they remain; while strangers go to the many hotels and private dwellings which the municipality rents for the occasion, where they stay at the expense and as the guests of the city. Although some of the Emperors have wished the ceremony to be performed in St. Petersburg, the clergy have always maintained that such a coronation would be illegal.

The great Kremlin is not one building, but a city, and a strong city, too, in itself. It is an octagon plot of ground of many acres on a high elevation, surrounded by high walls and fortifications, and contains four Crown palaces, three cathedrals, the headquarters of the Imperial Guards, the Governor's residence, a university, and a number of monasteries and nunneries. The appearance of the Kremlin is exceedingly striking. as the walls are white, the fortifications emeraldgreen, the entrances rose-tinted and the roofs of the cathedrals gilded, the whole forming a wonderful combination. The coronation procession begins to form at the cavalry barracks, four miles distant from the Kremlin.

THE MARCH TO THE KREMLIN.

Early in the day appointed for the ceremony sixty heralds, mounted on cream-colored horses and commanded by a master of ceremonies, appear before the gates of the barracks and blow a salvo, upon which the colonel of the regiment appears and asks what they want of him. "The Czar commands thee follow me," is the answer, and the gates are thrown open and the regiment, which has been expecting the summons, gallops out and follows the heralds. The heralds then proceed to the barracks of the Lancers, where the same thing takes place, then to the university, then to the Cathedral of St. Nicholas, where the clergy join the procession then to the law courts where the judges fall in then to the headquarters of the marshals of the nobility, the staff officers, the several professions, the governors, the prefects, the deputations from every part of the Empire, the trade guilds, etc., etc., each body joining at a separate place and all being summoned by the heralds as in the first case. The procession goes on swelling until it reaches enormous proportions, so much so that when the head of it arrives at the Kremlin the tail is still at the other end of the town. Arriving at St. Demetrius gate they find it closed. The heralds then blow their trumpets and the commander of the citadel appears and demands what they want, to which the crowd replies, "The Czar." 'And what for !" asks the commander. " Te crown him the most powerful of the powerful," is the reply, and the gates fly open. The Metropolitans of Moscow, Kazan, Novgorod and Kieff here head the procession, and with the deputations from every part of the Empire they advance to the palace and form in front of it. These deputations consist of Russians, Roumanians, Kirghees, Chinese, Mingrelians, Bashkirs, Poles, Georgians, Circassians, Calmucks, Armenians, Turkomans, Tartars, Esquimaux, Afghans, Bulgarians, Laplanders, Mongolians Finns, Persians and Bokhariaus, all in their respective national costumes. The Metropolitans then advance and call upon the Czar to come forward, upon which he appears at the portico, dressed in the uniform of a Colonel of the Imperial Guards, with the Empress, dressed as a Russian peasant, on his arm. The instant the deputations are aware of the Imperial presence they kneel, and being asked by the Czar what they want of him. the Metropolitan of Moscow replies that they have been sent from far and wide to see their Czar an-

nointed, so that they can return to their homes and assure those who sent them that the Czar is verily the Lord's anointed, and that they may obey nonbut him. Thence all proceed to the Cathedral of the Holy Assumption, the Czar and Czarina walking between the Bishops and the deputations.

THE SERVICE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

Arriving at the Church, the Czar and his wife are shown to ordinary thrones near those of the bishops, and the special service immediately begirs. After the first lesson is read the Metropolitans conduct the Emperor and Empress to a canopy of scarlet velvet, richly embroidered in gold, the principal figure being the double-headed Russian eagle. Under this canopy is an elevated platform upon which are the historical throne of the Czar Vladimir Monomague and an ordinary arm-chair for the Empress, also a table upon which are the scepter and crown of Constantinus Monomachus, a sword and a mantle of ermine. The Nobles now advance from the south of the Cathedral and surrounding the platform draw their swords and place them at the feet of the Czar. The Bishop of Kazan then asks the Emperor in a lond voice if he is a true believer, to which he replies by reading the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed of the Greek Church. The Bishop next says: "If there be any of you here present knowing any impediment for which Alexander, son of Alevander (or other name should not be crowned by the grace of God. Emperor and Antocrat of all the Russias, of Moscow, of Kiefi, of Vladimir, of Novgorod; Czar of Kazan, of Astrakhan, of Poland, of Siberia, of Kherson-Tiwnice, of Grousi; Gosondar of Pskov; Grand Duke of Smolensk, of Lithuania, of Volhynia, of Podolia and of Finland; Prince of Estonia, of Livonia, of Courland; of Semigalia, of the Samoiedes, of Bielostok, of Corelia, of Foer, of Ingor, of Perm, of Viatka, of Bulgaria, and of other countries; Master and Grand Duke of the Lower Countries in Novgorod, of Tchernigoff, of Russan, of Polotsk, of Rossoff, of Jarostaff, of Bielostosk, of Oldorsk, of Kindisk, of Vitelsk, of Maskheti, and of all the countries of the North; Master Absolute of Iversk, of Kaischnisk, of Kalardinsk, and of the territory of Armenia; Sovereign of Mountain Princes of Tcherkask; Master of Turkestar; Heir Presumptive of Norway, and Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, of Stormanne, of Dithmare, and of Oldembourg, et him come forward now, in the name of the Holy Trinisy, and show what the impediment is, or let him remain dumb forever? Bishop next says: "If there be any of you here Holstein, of Stormarne, of Dithmare, and of Oldenbourg, et him come forward now, in the name of the Holy Trinity, and show what the impediment is, or let him remain dumb forever!" this is repeated three times, and upon no objection seing raised, he lays his hands upon the head of the lzar, who immediately kneels, At this point he Metropelitan of Moscow takes v.a. manile of ermine from the table and throws it over the meeting Czar, saying: "Cover and protect thy seeple as this role covers and protects thee"; the imperer replying: "I will, I will, I will, God lelping," and kissing the prelate's hand. The table and, saying: "May thine hand which helds his wither the day thou art unjust"; the answer wither the day thou art unjust"; the answer to "Be I so"; after which the Bishop of Kieft places the crown upon the Emperor's heat. At this point the Empress kneets beside her husband who partly covers her with the cloak of craime, and also holds his crown above her need for a few seconds, without, however, placing it upon her head. LONG LIVE THE CZAR.

The Czar and Czarina remain in prayer for several sinutes and a deadly silence, and the instant they rise to their feet bishops, nobles, deputations, clergy and all present kneel to them, shouting "Long live the Czar." The cry is taken up by the hundreds of thousands who are outside, the heralds sound their trumpets, guns are fired, and bells are rung. The Czar commands the people to rise, and is avain surrounded by the nobles, who receive their swords back from the Imperial hands, the Emperor saying, "It is thy country's," to which the noble replies, "and my Czar's." Mass is again resumed and the "and my Czar's." Mass is again resumed and the Emperor proceeds alons to the altar, passing through the Golden Gates of the Iconosiasin, which are closed behind bim, thus hinding him from view. Here, after partaking of the Holy Communion, the Metropolitan of Moscow anoints his head, temples, eye-nis, lips, nostrils, cars, breast and hands, saving: "Behold the seal of the Holy Ghost, may it keep thes ever holy." The Gates of the Iconostasini are re-opened, the Czar appears before them and is hailed with shouts of "Thom art verily by the Lord's amon ed." The Empress advances to the sanctuary and kneels to her lord, who bids her rise, and they walk out of the cathedral arm in arm. At the door is a gilded chariot drawn by twelve white houses, into which they enter, the princes, other members of the Imperial family, foreign monarchs, guests, etc., entering other State charlots. The procession again forms as it did on approaching the Kremlin, and, with its new additions, moves slowly through the gaily decorated town. According to an old custom, the Czar's carriage, instead of being guarded by troops, is surrounded by one hundred maddens belonging to the best Russian families, all dressed in white and holirange, instead of bond and the state of the best Russian families, all dressed in white and holiday garlands of flowers. Court balls and receptions begin in the evening and last for a fortinght, after which the Court returns to St. Petersburg.

FOR EVER.

"Oh, never kiss me; stand apart; My darling, come not near! Be dear for ever to my heart, But be not over-dear!" And while she spake her cheek was flame,

Her took was soft and wild; But when I kissed her, she became No stronger than a child.— Ab. love, what wilt thou then apart?

Ah, love, what will take the home is thus and here,—
For ever dearer to my heart,
And never over dear.

F. W. H. MYERS.

SOME OLD STORIES.

From The London World.

It must be a subject for poignant regret that Darwin died so soon. For when the Jamous naturalist had exhausted the "Origin of Species" he might have investigated the "Origin of Old Stories," and unquestionably he would have discovered an inexhaustible focutain of facts in Otto Edward Leopold on Bismarck-Schönhausen, General of Cuirassier

haustible fountain of these in the state of Cuirassiers and Doctor of Philosophy.

It is indeed a miracle where the man of blood and iron picks up all his old stories. "Buschen" preserved a host of them, but there was hardly one which was not of the most crusted and antique kind. For instance that tale of the sentry in Russia who had—he and his predecessors—kept watch and ward over a daisy planted by Catharine the Great, is singularly ancient. It has been told of a fir-tree at Weimar, and of a coat of paint at Munich, and is a variant of the hoary legend about the sentry who was left to look after some munitions of war at Dettingen, drawing until lately in the persons of his descendants, a pension for guarding the ghostly brown Besses and rusty halberds. Here, again, is circling its rounds that funny story of the German envoy who, when suddenly ushered into the Sultan's presence, repeated the Creed for want of something better to say, and passed muster admirably. In due time the hero will be described want of something better to say, and passed muster admirably. In due time the hero will be described as an English Minister, or a Frenchman—as, indeed, it has been before this—but in reality the original of the trick was Otto von Königsmarck, who, when he went as Swedish Ambassador to the Court of Lonis XIV., forgot his speech, and, not to be baniked, recited a portion of Luther's Catechism. The Grand Monarque gravely reciprocated the "admirable soutiments," though the envoy's suite had some difficulty in keeping their diplomatic countenance. Half the modern French anecdotes are simply washed versions of the stories told by Rabelais, Boccaccio, or less recondite authors. What are now attributed to M. de Bismarck or M. de Gorachakoff used, fifty years ago, to be fathered by Rougemont on Tallevrand or Metternich. The stories told of the Crimean War were old in Weilington's days, and were once more nicely refurbished to divert newspaper readers during the latest campaigns in Turkey or France. In truth, there is ries told of the Crimean War were old in Weilington's days, and were once more mieely refurbished to divert newspaper readers during the latest campaigns in Turkey or France. In truth, there is scarcely an authentic historical ancedote. Casar never cried that cry to Brutus, and Canute never wrestled with the tide. Alfred never burnt the cake in the neatherd's cottage; and Cromwell never said "Take away that banble?" Wellington always denied the story of "Up, Guards, and at them?" The gentlemen of the English guard were not requested to "fire first," and Cambronne we know now, was innocent of the sentiment about the guard dying, but not surrendering. The story of the Vengeur has long ago been pronounced a myth, and the drummer Barra was not shot for refusing to shout 'Vive le Roi!" Only very simple people believe newadays in the romantic episode of Captain John Smith and Pecahontas, who before marrying John Rolph had been the brevet-spouse of several earlier admirers; and Joan of Arc, so far from being burnt at the stake, "married well," and died the mother of a large family. Finally, to come to our own times, Colonel Synge "and his wife" were reported as a freek, and an illustrated paper supplied a page of heroic pictures in which "Mrs. Synge" figured prominently. It was, however, rather awkard to discover that the Colonel was unmarried, that no lady accompanied him, and that the entire mistake originated through the blunder of a telegraph-clerk writing 'sa femme for sa ferme.'

It is questionable if there is anything really new. A dinner was once given to an American dignitary by the chief Chinese merchants in San Francisco. It so happened that the greatest anecdotist in the State was sitting next to a white-moustached mandarin, whom he entertained with a choice selection from his budget. His success was flattering; for the host was kept in a broad grin from the time they began with the shark's fins to the period they finished with the shark's fins to the period they finished with the shark's fins to the perio

OBEIDULLAH'S FALL.

THE KOURDISH CHIEF A VICTIM OF AN OLD TRIBAL FEUD.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, January 15.

The story of the capture of the Kourdish Sheikh Obeidullah has at last come to hand. It is worth reading as an illustration of Kourdish tribal relations and an example of poetic justice, and this notwithstanding the fact that its here has disappeared from the list of "elements" of the Eastern

After escaping from Constantinople during the

ast of Ramazan, the Sheikh went rapidly and secretly through the Russian Caucasus to the Turkish frontier near Mr. Ararat. Thence he sent a messenger to inform his family that he had been authorized to return home, and would await an escort at the frontier. All the principal chiefs of the district turned out with a motley following of warriors, to welcome the Sheikh and accompany him home. There were warriors in enormous turbans, armed with long flint-lock muskets and choice Damascus swords; warriors in gayly colored broadcloth, armed with breech-loading rifles; and warriors in chain armor wearing iron helmets and armed with spear and shield. The amposing procession caused no little curiosity among the Turkish authorities along the border. But it was not hindered in its march and speedily carried the Sheikh Obeidullah to his castle of Nehrich in the mountains southeast of Lake Van. Nehrieh is close to the Persian frontier, and has been for generations the home of Obeidullah's family and free from trespass of Turk or Persian. On either side of the frontier its dependencies stretch away for miles, including many villages, both Turkish and Persian, of which Obeldullah is the owner in fee simple. The castle itself is a stronghold unap proachable in its position, but even more strongly defended from aggressive enterprises by the character and quality of its owner. A sheikh among the Kourds, unlike a sheikh among the Arabs, is a religious rather than a tribal chief. Hence Obeiquilah's castle was a centre of good things to all the Kourds of the border. Besides the private apartments of the Sheikh, and the mosque where he was wont to impart religious instruction, and besides a regularly organized orthan asylum where no applicant was ever denied admittance to the Sheikh's bounty, the castle contained a long series of rooms tacing upon the great quadrangle, where Kourds of any tribe or rank might dwell for any reasonable length of time, fed from the Sheikh's kitchen, and without question as to why they came, why they stayed or why they left. In this castle Obeidullah was surrounded with the armed retainers of the various chiefs who had met him at the frontier, and was enjoying the first rest after his long journey. when he was summoned by a messenger from the Governor of Van to surrender himself at once to be sent back to Constantinople. Consternation seized upon the assembled Kourds. Obeldullah explained to them that he had really been authorized by the Turks to return home, and that he knew of no reason for the fickleness of the Government. Upon this the chiefs declared for resistance, and soon Obeiduilah's sons Sidik and Abd et Kader had a force of several thousand men posted upon the approaches to Nehrich, ready to dispute with the Turkish troops every inch of the defiles.

The Turkish Government had meanwhile been pressed by both Russia and Persia to arrest Obeldullah. When the Sheikh showed that he had no notion of surrendering, Turkish columns began to close in from the west and the south upon the wild mountain district of Hekkinsi, in which Nehrieh is situated. The scouts on the mountains brought accurate information of the movement of troops, and one day brought up word from the south that the Hekri tribe of Kourds, natives in those very mountains, was acting with the Turkish Army. This intelligence was grave enough. The Hekri tribe is one of the richest of the nomad tribes of northern Mesopotamia. Its flocks are numerous, its grood-mates the most noble in blood, and its men and wemen are among the boldest, the best dressed and the best equipped. But more than all, this tribe bad a grievance of long standing against some of Obeidullah's people. In the winter this tribe retires to the borders of the Tigris below Mosul. In the summer, as the pasturage below gradually parches away, it slowly moves northward, climbing the mountains until, upon the high plateaus north of Van, it finds the herbage necessary for its flocks. In these migrations the long trains of pack animals are managed entirely by the stalwart women of the tribe, who deck out the loads with bright embroidery and silky carpets. The men give their undivuled attention to the care of their flocks and herds, performing ti patrol duty so well that if a man through ignorance or insanity steals a Hekri sheep, he might as well cut his own throat at once. No skill and no speed will enable him to escape the avenging sword of the Hekri sheep farmers.

THE TALE OF A TRIBAL PEUD.

About five years ago a girl from the Hekri tribe fell in love. This was a very natural proceeding. doubtless, but the girl's parents were displeased with her choice of an object Although the man was of her own tribe, tall and well-looking, yet the fact that he was an orphan and lacked influential friends as well as worldly goods was enough of a reason for an opposition which ultimately sea the lovers to plan an elopement. In deciding upon this step the two young people risked everything; for the siera Kourdish morality allows short shrift to the maiden who has dishonored her family by running away with a man. Their only chance lay in reaching some neighboring encampment whose people would be compelled by the curious rules of chivalry to protect them against the violence of the oftended family. The young people set out separately, so that proof of their agreement should be wanting in case of pursuit. The absence of the pair was quickly noticed, and so the luckless girl, when in a lonely valley, still a mile or two from the place of refuge, discovered five horsemen of her tribe dashing down the hill which she had just descended. Just at this critical moment a single horsemen appeared coming from the opposite direction. To him the girl screamed for help. It is a rule among the Kourds that the true gentleman will never permit the weak to be oppressed by the strong if the sufferer is a Kourd and claims protection. So the new-comer rode up to the fugitive and had made her mount behind him just as her pursucrs came up with loud demands for her surrender. The stranger was a young chief from the tribe of Gerdi. He knew neither the girl nor her pursuers.

But he faced the five and reminded them that under the circumstances it was impossible for him to give up the girl until an impartial tribunal had decided upon their right to demand her. He pleaded with the men to respect his sense of duty and to go with him to the neighboring village where a council of elders could quickly decide upon the case. He even went so far as to offer to place his own sister in their hands as a hostage, since he could not yield the point of honor by which he was bound to protect this girl who had asked his aid. During the colloquy the girl sat panting behind her defender, but when the Hekri men drew their swords and declared that they would have her at all hazards, she said "I have no right to sacrifice you in vain," and, slipping to the ground, she moved to give herself up. But the Gerdi man spurred his horse between her and her pursuers and fought them ferociously until he was literally hewed in pieces by the Hekri people. In due time the Gerdi tribe sent a formal demand to the Hekris for the blood of the five men, but received no satisfaction, so that the thing was laid up as a blood fend between the two tribes. Meantime, the Gerdis had also appealed to Sheikh Obeidullah to use his anthority in securing redress. Shortly afterward the Hekris had a small difficulty with the Burks over a question of a few tax-gatherers who had been maitreate i, and Obeidullah was ordered by the Turks to punish them. After some negotiation the Sheikh went in person to a small Hekri encampment where forty young warriors of rank were assembled. Here the discussions were resumed, with the result that Obeiduilah arrested the forty chiefs, had them bound with leather thougs, gave them in charge of some Gerdi men to be taken to his castie at Nehrieh, and then mounting his norse rode away. The Gerdi men now had the opportunity to avenge the death of the

young brave who had been killed in defending the runaway girl. They took their prisouers into a retired glen and shot all but one, who escaped. Then they returned to the Hekri tents and pillaged them, carrying off their booty in triumph to their

Sheikh Obeidullah shed tears on learning of this norrible affair, and refused to receive the Gerdi men at his castle. But he made no attempt to punish the criminals. The news of the slaughter of thirty-nine choice young men of their tribe naturally caused a tremendous excitement among the Hekris, but they e helpless. The Gerdiswes are a powerful tribe who hold possesion of inaccessible varleys among the mountains of the Persiani frontier. Their castles command all the passes and their warriors are redoubtable fighters. Hence, although the Hekri tribe in its migratioeveryassesns p year within eight or ten mes of the Gerdi terri tory, it has not succeeded in taking due vengeance upon its enemies. True, its young men had picked off occasional Gerdis by pct shots among the mountains, but these chance achievements had not removed the rankling bitterness. The fate or the thirty-nine braves was constantly told in the ballads of the cribe, and the blame of the outrage was laid upon Sheikh Obeiduliah as morally responsible for the consequences of leaving the young men bound in the hands or their enemies.

THE SHEIKH'S LAST STRUGGLE. That mistake or crime of five years ago was the rule of Obeidullah. When the news was brought into his camp last November that the Hekri tribe had joined the Turks for the attack on Nehrich the chiefs quailed before it. They all knew that this decision of the Hekris indicated a purpose to take vengeance on Obeidullah for the massacre of the braves. No member of Obeidullah's household would be allowed quarter in case the Turks drove him from Nehrieh. That night Obeidullah's oldest son and several other chiefssembled their men a and fled. The men who remained were wavering : Obeidullah saw that there was no chance of resistance, and that his only hope of life would be in surrendering to the Turks in order to escape capture by the Hakris. He therefore opened negotiations for a capitulation, but delayed the result as long as possible while he put some of his own valuables out of the way. At last peremptory orders from Constantinople brought matters to a crisis. The Turkish Pacha in command ordered a general advance, told his men to kill Obeldullah upon any attempt to escape, and sent word to the Kourds that all who aided Obeidullah would be food for powder. The larger part of Obeidullah's remaining forces deserted upon this threat and the Sheikh started to go down and surrender, hoping to save his castle from pillage. 'Abdet Kader, tue Sheikh's second son, had still a small force of special men and attempted to prevent his father's surrender, and attempted to prevent his latter's sarresules. But he was too late. The flery old Sheikh's spirit was broken, and he rode tamely down his mountain to meet his fate. Once afterward Abdel Kader tried to interfere. The Sheikh with his guard of Turkish troops was fairly on the road to Mosul, when in passing a delile he saw his son and a few hundred Kourds on the rocks above. Abdel Kader called to his father to come up and he would save him. Obeidullah struck spurs to his horse and started to ride up a steep torrent channel. The mostarted to ride up a steep torrent channel. The mostarted to ride up a steep torrent channel. him. Obeidullah struck spurs to his horse and started to ride up a steep torrent channel. The moment was an exciting one Only a few hundred yards and the Sheikh would be free again. The Keurds began to lies on the soldiers. The Turkish cflicer in command ordered his soldiers to fire on the Sheikh, but they refused, saying: "He is a Moslem and a more pious man than any one of us." The Turk, with a curse, seized a gun from the nearest man and fired on the Sheikh, killing his horse, Still Obeidullah continued scrambling on foot ug the mountain side. But the Turk dashed after him through a storm of bullets from the Kourds, and in a moment more covered the Sheikh with his revolver, shouting to him to surrender instantly or he would kill him like a dog. The Sheikh saw that he had no chance, and went wently back to his captors.

had no chance, and went wearily back to his captors.

So has ended the career of this strange man, patriot, reformer, bigot and free filibuster. He is now at Mosul, closely gnarded; his castle at Nehrieh, given over to pillage, has become a Turkish camp; his favorite son, Abdel Kader, is a fugitive among the mountains of Persia, and his wives are no one knows where. The family with a pedigree of six hundred years has at last tallen from its high estate before the power of the Suitan. It is only meet to add that the reward of the Hekris for their service to the Turks was an opportunity to pillage all Gerdi. They carried off the sheep and goats, the carpets, the splendid silver scabbarded swords and jewelled dagsers, the massive coronets and belts and necklaces of the women, and they even cut off the hair of the women in their haste to possess the coins attached to its extremity. The Gerdis say: "We haven't so much as a chicken left from all our coins attached to its extremity. The Gerdis say:
"We haven't so much as a chicken left from all our
wealth." And thus the Hekris are at last revenged. By-and-by will come the turn of the Gerdis
and their opportunity; for these great feuds are
rarely ended until one or the other party is practically exterminated. cally exterminated.

The Government has appointed a bureau at the The Government has appeared a paradrat with facts. Its laudable desire is to preserve the innecents from being deceived by venders of false incidents and to prevent the irreconcilables from libelling Turkish politics in their descriptions of current events. Those corresp what is not true, or at least what is not provided for them by the Bureau of Intelligence, are to be expelled from Turkey after three offences.

TOO MUCH COMPLAISANCE.

From The Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Grundy's criticisms used to be impeached on the score of unchristian severity, but in these more regenerate days she inculcates complarance as essential to salvation, and accounts indiscriminating praise for righteensness. But as unbalanced virtues often lean over to the side of vice, as these virtues often lean over to the side of vice, so these dicta, freely translated, begin already to work mischief by blunting the power to discern between good and evil.

We hear much—too much to be true—of brilliant

society, charming manners, perfect heanties, exquisite taste, divine music. It would be thought hypercritical or ill-natured to suggest modified judgments or more tempered expression. There is an unwillingness to manifest anything less than the conventional expense of pleasures.

or more conventional amount of pleasure.

A vote of thanks must never be omitted, however dull the performance; the LL. D. must always be bestowed, however unworthy the governor. Incompetent servants carry about pocketfulls of "characters," foolish books find multitudes of readers; silly people are under no social ban. Washington Irving was annoyed when the English dubbed him "the easily pleased," but the epithet is now too generally applicable to be bestowed specifically.

The public has as universal tastes as a turkey cock, and assimilates its pickings as little. What is culture worth if it gives no high criterion? What profit is derived from study and travel, if every dark canvas eflerts admiration? If a thin voice, vainly essaying high C, gives the enjoyment so profusely

profit is derived from study and travel, it every dark can vas elicits admiration f If a thin voice, vainly essaying high C, gives the enjoyment so profusely acknowledged, why should Patti or Gerster warble for mappreciative ears? La Bruyese said, it is not so easy to make a name by the production of a perfect work as it is to make a mediocre work valued for the name of one already celebrated. We consult our catalogues before venturing an opinion, and must never step aside from the beaten track worn bare by the multitude. The man who cared more to make a nation's songs than its laws understood that power is given to him who moulds the public, Crusades against intemperance accomplish little, but the abstinence of an athlete wins followers.

Emerson regarded the cementing of a friendshim as a solemn event. Few appreciate the importance of stimulating influences and the moral levels of associates. Many honseholds are pestered by domestic tyrants who restrain a thousand innocent impulses, and act as a wet blanket to comfort generally; and yet, the victims of what is worse than the thumb-screw must never utter an andible groan. When these selfish marplots are taken off, the weeds are as deep, the tones as lugubrious, as if an agreeable companion had passed away.

AN ESSAY IN A STREET CAR.

From The Detroit Free Press.

She had been reading an essay somewhere and was going home on a street car, accompanied by a miss, a middle-aged dame and two youths. There were a dozen other passengers in the car who were not aware that she had been reading an essay, and she determined to enlighten them, so in a half-pitched voice that could have been heard four blocks, she screamed: "Oh, dear! You don't know how glad I was when I finished reading my essay. I was really quite nervous, I assure you, for there were thirteen whole pages of it. I actually sat up all night to write it. It's a terrible frying position to get up before a cultured audience and read an original essay of that length. How did I do?" Dame—"Just splendid." Miss—"Be-autiful." Second youth—"Quite well!"

She (in a tone on assonishment and disgust, with calliope, power)—"Quite well!" (With scorn)—Perhaps you think you could do better? (Beseching-ly)—You were out among the audience. Now do, please, tell me what they said about me?" Second youth—"Some of them eriticised your enunciation." (A smile all around by the other passenger.) She (with great scorn)—"Oh, they did, eh? The mean things?" He—"Then some of them thought your strictures on Dickens were unjust." She—"Well, I never liked Dickens, anyway. His characters are allgoverdrawn and unnatural." He—"Perhaps you prefer Thackeray?" She (with a smil of disciain)—"Thackeray! Thackeray!! Who was Thackeray, anyway? Thackeray wa'n't nobody?" And those of the deafened passengers who hadn't already got off the car to walk home, went out and rode on the platform.